Supernatural, Sam/Gabriel, cupids. Ah, spring! When a young - okay, maybe not tht young - being's mind turns to thoughts of... Did you know that Gabriel is chief of the cherubiam, aka cupids?

In other words, Gabriel kidnaps Sam in the early morning to try to run away from responsibilities.

Set in a Post S5 AU wherein Gabriel survived somehow and is in some kind of a relationship with Sam, with lots of silliness. Notes are at the end of the two parter.

And, to top it off? It's EXACTLY one thousand words, not counting the notes. I am v. pleased with this thing. I hope you all enjoy!

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post S5 AU, Sam/Gabriel, PG, silliness. [1/2]

"Sam."

"Mngneh." Sam muttered, still buried happily into his pillow.

"*Sam*." Gabriel - for it was Gabriel's voice, Sam was waking up enough to get that - shook his shoulders. "Up."

"G'way." Sam muttered, but it was too late, and he was waking up already. He lifted his head, eyes bleary. "What *time* is it.."

"We have to leave. Now." That got Sam's attention. Gabriel sounded serious, almost deadly so. So he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Why?" He asked. Gabriel's hands were still on his shoulders, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the lump that was Dean still on his bed.

Gabriel gave him a hurried smile. "No time. C'mon." He raised his hand from Sam's shoulder, and before Sam could protest, they were gone.

Sam blinked, now standing on a beach, still in his pajamas. "Gabriel, what the hell?" His arms came up to hug himself - it was *cold*, and the ocean (*which* ocean, Sam wanted to know) lapped at his bare toes. The sky was still grey, to boot, and Sam wished for a clock.

"It's four thirty two in the morning, and we won't be here long." Gabriel said, stepping back to look around, eyes wary. "I have to keep moving to keep them off our tail."

"Keep *who* off our tail?" Sam asked, moving from curious to confused to annoyed rapidly. "And do I really have to go with you?"

"I'm not going back into hiding without company." Gabriel said, and before Sam could protest, he snapped again and they were gone again. This time, to a forest clearing, where it was still early morning, as far as Sam could tell.

"Gabriel!" Sam said, crossing his arms. "Hide from who, exactly?"

"You've met one before." Gabriel said, still watching the sky, tense. "They're a part of the reason why I left Heaven."

"And they're after you." Sam said, frowning. "Okay. You need to explain why the *hell* I am up this early and being dragged around the world by you."

"It's March." Gabriel said, tensing slightly, alert. "The Spring Equinox."

"...and?"

"It's a special day up there. Especially since they know where I am."

"Gabriel," Sam said, slowly, "are we being chased by angels?"

"Yes. But they aren't the kind of angels you guys usually meet."

"Which means?" Sam asked, exasperated. Why couldn't Gabriel just tell him?

"What, do I have to spell it out for you?" Gabriel's voice had a hint of his usually humor in it, but not much - he was still scanning the skies, still tense.

"Ye-" Sam yelped as Gabriel snapped his fingers again, and they were gone to another forest, where it was completely night. "Gabriel!"

"We're being chased by cupids, Sam." Gabriel said, pausing to snap up a blanket for Sam's shoulders. "Because I used to be their boss, and this was the time of year I'd give them all their peptalk and any major assignments they needed to handle. Now shut up and let me hide us better."

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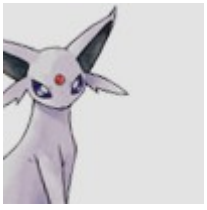

zekkass

Sep. 30th, 2010 03:50 am (UTC)

post S5 AU, Sam/Gabriel, PG, silliness. [2/2]

Sam wrapped himself in the (Garfield patterned) blanket and watched Gabriel, stunned into silence for a moment. "...am I still dreaming?"

"Because I like running off with you into the night. *No*, Sam." Gabriel shot him a look. "Quiet, or they'll fi-"

"Gabriel!" A new voice boomed out, and then Gabriel was being hugged by a very large man clad only in pants, and he was being hugged very tightly. "We missed you!"

Sam had to wince. Gabriel was practically dwarfed by the large cupid, who didn't seem to want to let go of him.

"Zotiel, it's good to see you too, now let go of me." Gabriel said, through gritted teeth as he patted the cupid's back.

Zotiel beamed at Gabriel, looking for all the world like a kid who had just been told that Christmas had come early. "Ophiel sent me to welcome you back, and to," Here Zotiel cleared his throat and straightened, reciting a message: "Formally request that you, Gabriel, resume your post as Chief Ruler of the Cherubim, as he has faithfully executed your orders to 'run this thing while I take a vacation'. As your vacation has now lasted well over two thousand years, Ophiel is of the opinion that it is now over." Zotiel cleared his throat and grinned at Gabriel. "So welcome back!"

Sam followed Zotiel's expectant gaze to Gabriel, who was looking very very annoyed and very very resigned.

"...well, hell."

"Gabriel!" Zotiel protested. "Language!"

"Sorry." Gabriel muttered. "Fine. Tell Ophiel I'll be up there within a few hours. I have some things to clean up down here."

"I'm afraid I can't do that." Zotiel said, in a small apologetic voice. "Ophiel was very specific. I'm not to leave you until we've both returned to Heaven."

Gabriel glanced at Sam, and Sam just shrugged.

"I can't get you out of this - "

"Oh!" Zotiel exclaimed, hand flying to cover his mouth. "Sam Winchester! I am honored to be in your presence, sir, incredibly honored."

"...er?" When had his standing among the angels improved? Sam had to wonder.

"It's an honor to meet the bond mate of our Gabriel, of course! You are always welcome among the cherubim, Sam." Zotiel beamed.

"...bond mate." Sam said, and looked at Gabriel. He hadn't bonded with Gabriel - unless the angels thought a few rounds of sex and an open relationship meant

bonding, in - wait. Gabriel was nervous. Fidgeting. Sam narrowed his eyes. "What the *hell*, Gabrie-"

"Sam!" Zotiel's voice was worried and concerned all at once. "Please, we do not appreciate that kind of language!"

"...Gabriel, you owe me some explanations when you get back." Sam finished.

"When we get back, you mean." Gabriel said, tone resigned and mischievous all at once. "Don't think I'm going into this alone."

"Oh, no. No, Gabriel."

"Yes, Gabriel, you mean. C'mon. Let's get this over with." Gabriel raised his hand and before Sam could protest, he snapped his fingers.

[Notes: Set in a Post S5 AU wherein Gabriel survived somehow and is in some kind of a relationship with Sam.

The names of the cherubim I used are from Gustav Davidson's A Dictionary of Angels. Zotiel is a cherub whose name means 'Little one of God', and Ophiel is mentioned as one of the possible chief angels of the cherubim, and he apparently rules the planet Mercury. (Among other things.)

Yes, I put way too much thought into this. ^^;; I hope you enjoyed it.]